LITERARY NEWS and CRITICISM

An Answer to Sidney Lee's Article on Edward VII.

KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLORS. By Edward Legge. With Appreciations of Edward VII by Comte d'Haussonville and Arminius Vambery. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. ix, 416. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Many years ago some biographer set the example of writing what he called "The Real Somebody or Other," and forthwith we had an interminable series of books thus styled. As a rule, there was no more reality about them than in any other biographies of the same subjects, save, perhaps, in the self-opinionated minds of the writers. Now we have a distinguished subject presented "in his true colors." The phrase is changed, but the meaning is the same. The result is also the same, for the true colors differ in no wise perceptibly from those used by former portrayers of the same character, unless, indeed, the "Cubist" craze has somewhat affected their arrangement.

Truth to tell, Mr. Legge's book is not well done. It is ill-arranged, discursive, and ov burdened with irrelevant details. There is a sad lack of proportion in the treatment of various phases of the subject. It abounds in quotations from a great number and variety of authorities, but gives a deplorable paucity of original incident or fact. It displays, in brief, in a high degree nearly all the faults and none of the merits of the journalist in literature. Nevertheless, the book is largely interesting for the two reasons that almost any work on the subject of Edward VII must be worthy of attention and that a writer of the experience and talents of Mr. Legge could scarcely produce a book not worth reading.

The most interesting topic in the book, probably, is the first of all, to wit, the influence of Napoleon III over Edward VII, as his instructor in diplomacy. The present generation may not realize as much as did its predecessor the close relations between the imperial court of France and the then Prince of Wales, while the discredit with which the name of Louis Napoleon has in a measure been marked causes many to forget the really commanding abilities of that extraordinary man. It is to be regretted that Mr. Legge did not develop this theme in a somewhat different manner by showing resemblance between the diplomatic methods of the two sovereigns and pointing out traces of Napoleonic influence in the career of Edward VII, instead of contenting himself with relating incidents of the social relationships of the two men. There is much that is true, also, but little or nothing that is new, in the prolix demonstration of the fact that Edward VII had a veritable genius for the selection of profitable companions, and that he thus kept himself from boyhood forward in close touch with ambassadors and statesmen. All that is as familiar to the world as any phase of his career.

The chapters on the Prince of Wales's debts and the Tranby Croft baccarat case seem to us superfluous or greatly overextended. There is nothing new in them, and American readers, at any rate, need no rehearsing of the facts in those cases to confirm the not unfriendly judgment which they long ago formed of the Prince. The present status of the Home Rule movement in Ireland invests with interest the story that in Gladstonian times there was a scheme to pacify Ireland by making the Prince of Wales the Viceroy of that kingdom, with a royal residence and court at Dublin. Mr. Legge confidently reports this interesting scheme, and declares that the Prince and Princess of Wales liked it and the chief Irish leaders approved it. We must wish, however, that he had been able to tell us why it was abandoned. What he calls "the last I heard of the great scheme" is entirely inconclusive.

A chapter is, of course, given to discussion, criticism and denunciation of Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of Edward VII in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Indeed, it would not be unnatural to suspect that to controvert Sir Sidney's views of the King was Mr. Legge's chief purpose in writing the present volume. He takes exception chiefly to what was said by Sir Sidney about the King's relations with the German Emperor, his attitude toward books and reading, and his influence in diplomatic affairs, especially in establishing the *entente cordiale* with France. This, too, we must regard as largely a work of supererogation. That whole matter was thoroughly thrashed out in the press of the world, French and German as well as Anglo-Saxon, immediately upon the appearance of the memoir in question, and Mr. Legge does not now adduce any material new evidence to affect the judgment which was then formed. The only real value of what he says is that of cumulative testimony, and we must doubt if this is needed to confirm well informed and thoughtful men in their favorable estimate of the late King's scholarship and statesmanship.

The volume contains, naturally, many anecdotes, not all of which are new, while some of the best can scarcely be regarded as relating very directly to the subject of the book. One of the most delightful is that of Sir W. H. Russell's interview with Prince Bismarck when the latter was angry with the famous correspondent for reporting in "The London Times" some things which had been said to him by "Unser Fritz," then Crown Prince of Prussia:

> Bismarck lost his temper and said: "I suppose you couldn't resist showing your importance by reporting all that that 'dunderhead' confided to you."
>
> Russell replied: "Your excellency knows that I always respect confidence. There is much that you have said to me yourself that I have not reported."
>
> "Pouf!" said Bismarck. "Anything I say to you you may bawl from the top of St. Paul's."
>
> Russell: "I thank your excellency. I shall use that permission to record your opinion of the crown prince."

One of the occasional companions of the Prince of Wales in Paris in the very old days was the notorious Prince of Orange, son of the late King of the Netherlands. The two princes were at a well known cabaret one night, when the Hollander, in festive mood, referred to the Prince of Wales as "Galeux," an indescribably offensive word. Our prince, however, took it in good part, and assuming the manner and tone of a real "gavroche" exclaimed in the choicest argot of Montmartre, "Va donc—eh! Citron!" "Shut up, Citron!" The sobriquet stuck, and as "Citron" the stepson of Queen Emma and uncle of Queen Wilhelmina lives in the legends of the boulevards.

That King Edward was *vif a la riposte* is exemplified by this little story. At Marlborough House, one night in the 80's, the prince and some of his guests were playing billiards. "H. R. H." was not in particularly good form, and after a rather bad "shot" one of the younger men shouted, to the amazement and disgust of the others: "I say, Wales, pull yourself together!" The prince made no reply, but beckoning to a servant, said: "Call Mr. ——'s carriage!"

The Comte d'Haussonville "appreciation" gives an interesting and authoritatives but by no means novel account of the manner in which the prince won the good will of France, and how the King contributed to the creation of the *entente cordiale* and the Triple Entente. A letter from the former Servian Minister in London, Mr. Miyatovich, to Mr. Legge, also reports the striking words of King Edward to the Russian and Italian ambassadors when they, at the direction of their governments, asked the King, in special audience, to re-establish diplomatic relations with Servia after the monstrous butchery of King Alexander and Queen Draga:

> He received them at Windsor and listened patiently to their representations, at the end of which he spoke à peu près in these terms: "I regret very much indeed that I cannot comply with your suggestions. The assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga was so terrible that it made a deep impression on public opinion in England. Public opinion has not yet recovered from the shock, and would certainly not approve of a re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Servia; and you know well that I and my government must take into account the public opinion of our country. And, besides this reason, I have another, and, so to say, a personal reason. Mon métier à moi est d'être Roi. King Alexander was also by his métier 'un Roi.' As you see, we belonged to the same guild as laborers or professional men; I cannot be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession, or, if you like, a member of my guild. We should be obliged to shut up our business if we, the kings, were to consider the assassination of kings as of no consequence at all. I regret, but you see that I cannot do what you wish me to do."

This self-drawn portrait of Edward VII presents him "in his true colors" better, perhaps, than anything else or all else in the book. To him Kingship was indeed a profession, and one of great responsibility, in which he labored loyally and diligently with an eye single to the good of his people.

EDWARD VII AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

(From Winterhalter's painting, reproduced in Edward Legge's "King Edward in His True Colors.")

ROMA

Mr. Stobart's Companion Volume to His Greece.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME. A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M. A., late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. Super-royal 8vo, pp. xxviii, 352. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Stobart's "Glory That Was Greece," published last year, demonstrated what "popular" history should be and can be at its best. He now completes, with his book on Rome, the programme announced at the time, which was to present to the general reader a fully illustrated survey of the two great civilizations of antiquity from which all the culture of modern Europe not only traces its historical descent but still to a large degree draws its inspiration. Thus Greek culture and Roman civilization were to be shown to us as chapters in human history not closed and done with, but as still living influences. The readers to whose service these volumes were to be particularly dedicated were not classical scholars or antiquarians, but that cultured public which, having little Latin and less Greek—the overwhelming majority of us nowadays—yet would be informed o those main streams, of classical social customs, religion and the arts that through the ages have fertilized the soil of the societies of the modern world.

"The Glory That Was Greece" lent itself magnificently to interpretative illustration. The author has been no less successful in making Roman art serve this purpose by dwelling, in his many pictures, upon its architecture:

> They are chosen so that the reader's eye may be able to gather its own impression of the Roman genius. When the Roman took pen in hand he was usually more than half Greek, but sometimes, in his handling of brick and mortar, he revealed himself. For this reason there is an attempt to make the illustrations convey an impression of grand building, vast and utilitarian. . . . Standing in the Colosseum, or before the solid masonry of the Porta Nigra at Trier, one has seemed to come far closer to the heart of the essential Roman than ever in reading Horace or Virgil.

It is only natural, and it is instructive, that no Englishman can approach the history of the Roman Empire without thought of his own stupendous dominion. It is only natural, also, that he should draw comparisons, and read a moral—many morals. Gibbon is in this the typical British historian of Rome, the incarnation of the spirit of his race, preoccupied with moral causes of material decline and fall. Mr. Stobart, while deprecating this attitude, and its accompanying exaltation of the Roman republic at the cost of the empire, yet adopts it, but in a contrary sense, for to him the empire is greater than the republic, and far more significant in its mission to posterity. Applying the evolutionary theory, he sees in the history of an empire that lasted five centuries, not decline and fall, but the fulfillment of a destiny, that of the making of Europe. The republic, he points out, sucked the blood of its provinces, to the indignation of all right-thinking men. The empire cleared out the canals in Egypt, planted flax and encouraged pottery in Gaul, irrigated Africa and taught agriculture to the Moorish nomads. It set the wild Iberians to mining and weaving, built aqueducts and roads everywhere, established a postal system, and policed land and sea so effectively that a man might fare from York to Palmyra or from Trier to Morocco "with his bosom full of gold." Who can fail to see the British Empire here behind the picture of Roman efficiency, of Roman organization and administration? Again, the analogy between the Roman's and the Englishman's attitude toward art is unmistakable. And "by the help of that blessed word Evolution we have learnt not to put our Golden Ages in the past, but in the future."

It is an instructive point of view, as has already been said, and a suggestive one as well, to us here, with an empire of our own in the building, its Golden Age still to come, its moralists already busy pointing to a better past. The book is still more instructive in the narrower historical sense, in the sharpness of the contrasts it draws between Greece and Rome, and, ultimately, between East and West, for the Roman Empire created what Alexander vainly undertook to achieve. "The Grandeur That Was Rome" is worthy of its predestined place beside "The Glory That Was Greece."

A SPRING SONG.

BY PATRICK R. CHALMERS.

Little garden gods,
You of good bestowing,
You of kindly showing
'Mid the pottings and the pods,
Watchers of geranium beds,
Pinks and stocks and suchlike orders,
Rose, and sleepy poppy-heads—
Bless us in our borders,
Little garden gods.

Little garden gods,
Bless the time of sowing,
Watering, and growing;
Lastly, when our sunflower nods,
And our rambler's red array
Waits the honey-bee her labors,
Bless our garden that it may
Beat our next-door neighbor's,
Little garden gods.

ROUSSEAU ONCE MORE

A Norwegian Study of Formative Influences.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By Gerhard Gran, Professor of Literature in the University of Kristiania. Authorized translation by Marcia Hargis Janson. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. 336. Charles Scribner's Sons.

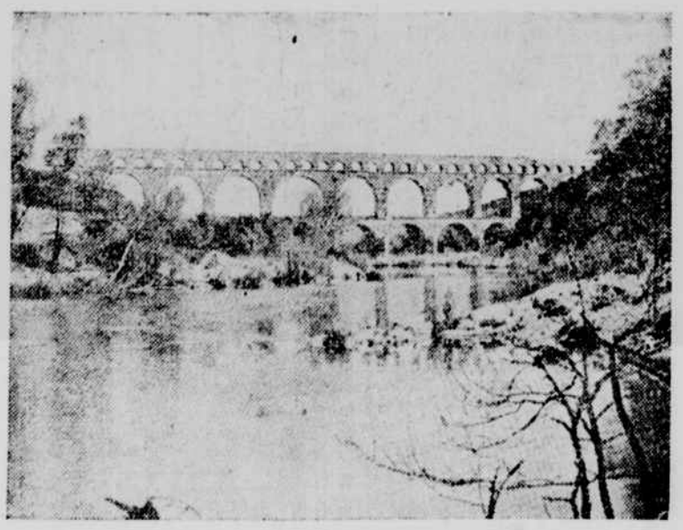
Much has been written, and will continue to be written, about Rousseau, part degenerate, part genius without systematic training for the work that brought him fame. His posthumous reputation has had its periods of obscuration and of a rehabilitation that culminated in the curious theory of an elaborate literary conspiracy entered upon by Grimm, Diderot and Mme. d'Epinay, for the purpose of damning him forever in the eyes of posterity. This theory, offered to the world some six or seven years ago, ingenious and well constructed though it be, has thus far failed to exert a perceptible influence upon current estimates of the man whose centenary was celebrated on June 12 of the year just past. Its weakest point lies in the improbability of types like Grimm and Mme. d'Epinay contenting themselves with a revenge that would not strike its victim until long after his death and their own.

The hypothesis does not come within the scope of Professor Gran's able and interesting study, which was well worth translating. He confines himself here to the formative period of Rousseau's career, the long years of his vagabondage, leaving him on his emergence from obscurity with the "Discours sur les Arts et les Sciences," in 1750. Throughout he draws freely upon his subject's later works for light upon the outward events of the period thus defined, and upon the inward development that accompanied them.

There are some capital pages in this book, the chapter on the manners and morals of the Paris of Louis XV, for instance, and the even more important study of the stamp that Rousseau's birthplace, Geneva, set upon him, the Geneva of Calvin, retaining through two centuries the grim impress of the great theologian's theocratic rule. Professor Gran, indeed, lays far more stress upon this heredity of environment than on that of family:

> If we turn our attention to Rousseau, we shall find many Genevan peculiarities, both lights and shadows, notwithstanding many conspicuous differences. He, too, is reserved, stiff and unapproachable, always on the watch, suspicious, fearful that some one will come too near him. He has an inborn tendency to see an enemy in every human creature, and his pride has no limits. He ended his life in maniacal terror of persecution, and it is not inconceivable that he had inherited the germs of this disease from a race of people who for centuries had spent their lives under the spying eyes of thousands of spies. . . . He is always wanting to better the race. When he lashes Parisian society, Geneva rises before his mind's eye as the background on which the abominations of that modern Babylon stand out. When he cries woe upon modern culture, he is really expressing a Genevan moralist's horrified disgust over offences that never could have taken place within the protecting walls of the holy city. When he evolved his political ideal in the "Contrat Social," it was the Genevan constitution and Genevan conditions that were in his mind.

As to the "conspicuous differences," one need not look beyond the "Confessions," upon whose narrative Professor Gran has threaded his study with scrupulous impartiality. He is not a partisan in either sense, he only seeks an interpretation, sifting, in so far as that remains possible, the naïvetés from the poses. The book is, indeed, so informing and well-balanced a critical condensation of the autobiography that one wishes for its continuation by the same hand to the end. Perhaps the author is a little less than just to Mme. de Warens in that he treats her less as the far from exceptional daughter of her period than she really was. On the other hand, his explanation of Rousseau's disposition of his children, provided he had any at all, which may well be doubted, is truly of the time. They were illegitimate, and he merely followed the usual method of disposing of illegitimate offspring in his day.



ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT NIMES.

(Illustration from J. C. Stobart's "The Grandeur That Was Rome.")

A GOLDEN REVIEWER

English Literary Criticism at Its Best.

ESSAYS ON ENGLISH POETS AND POETRY. From the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey. 16mo, pp. 351. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In stories people sometimes go into old garrets and open old trunks that belonged to their great-grandmothers. Out comes a perfume from the past. Fabrics of another day are turned over, and quaint quilts. It is pleasant to muse on the rich character things had in that bygone day.

In the old "Edinburgh Review" men used to write book reviews just like literature. One of these quaint folks was Francis Jeffrey. To open his "Essays on English Poets and Poetry" is to savor an aroma of an olden, and a golden, time. Jeffrey had style. His language is like a picture of a gentleman of the old school.

Some rather good books fell in the way of this gentleman's reviewing. "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and other Poems. By John Keats, author of 'Endymion.' 12mo, pp. 200. London: 1820." was one of these. "Mr. Keats, we understand," says the reviewer, "is still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact." But he is "struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance."

A "Mr. Scott," it seems, published a poem entitled "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," duly "noticed" by Mr. Jeffrey in "The Review" for April, 1805. The critic felt that this composition manifested a degree of genius which "could not be overlooked." He hoped that a cheaper edition would be printed.

Persons bred to good reading will find it difficult to put down this pocket reprint of a volume of English essays perhaps by most forgotten. It costs almost nothing, and can be read around in for hours. Mr. Wadsworth, the Rev. George Crabbe, the author of "Lalla Rookh," Mr. Southey, and the reader, with Mr. Jeffrey as a most ingratiating host, get to be most intimate company.

Before modern scientific scholarship was invented essayists had to depend a good deal on mere eloquence. And nothing brought out a man like Hazlitt, for instance, so much as Shakespeare. Jeffrey, reviewing his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," essays to outdo him. Now this flight is something in the grand style:

> More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world:—and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection, but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images and descriptions are given with such brevity and introduced with such skill as merely to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed in baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem and the wide spreading roots on which they depend are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

You confess that Jeffrey was a reviewer whose sails were purple and perfumed. And the literature of the day in which he voyaged was of beaten gold

FICTION

Mr. Locke's "Stella Maris," and Some Others.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

STELLA MARIS. By William J. Locke. Illustrations by Frank Wiles. 12mo., pp. 357. John Lane Company.

Mr. Locke has changed an audience fit but small for a larger and more readily enthusiastic one. He has become a popular novelist, in other words, and he fills the role with great fertility of resource. In "Stella Maris" he mingles romance with a realism so "strong" that some may find it unpleasant. Was it really necessary to go to one of the darkest branches of psychopathology to create the contrast aimed at? However, here is a girl, Stella Maris, a cripple from infancy, to whom, tied to her couch, life has been represented by relatives and adoring friends as beautiful and pure and innocent. Of its realities she knows nothing. The tragedy in the life of the man who is nearest and dearest to her, the most sympathetic weaver of the radiant dream world in which she dwells, is kept from her until a great scientist gives her the power to move, and with it the shock of disillusion. All this is only the main development of the most complicated plot Mr. Locke has ever invented. It is a plot admirably adapted to the requirements of his later audience, and it is peopled with the characters he has taught it to like ere now. And, of course, it ends in happiness after soul harrowing sorrow. Romance wins even in the ugly, hopeless real world that confronted Stella Maris when, at twenty, she first crossed its threshold. That the novel has in it the elements of another best-seller can hardly be doubted.

THE UNDERWORLD.

THE QUARRY. By John A. Moroso. Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. 8vo, pp. 324. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A word much abused by busy reviewers is "gripping." We do not abuse it when we apply it to "The Quarry." It is a gripping story. It will be some time, we think, before we shall shake off a curiously real feeling that we, as innocent of crime as the country lad, James Montgomery, were actually arrested for murder, handcuffed, taken to the identification department of the police, measured, photographed, weighed, studied by Bertillon men for the purposes of a document headed "Peculiarities of Habit and Action," thrust into "the Barrel" at Mulberry street, brought out for the early line-up, arraigned on the "bridge" before the magistrate's desk at the Jefferson Market police court, committed to a cell in murderers' row in the Tombs, duly tried at the bar of justice and railroaded to Sing Sing to serve a life sentence. "It was noon. At 1 o'clock court would recess for lunch. With a little expedition the case of the police against Montgomery could be ended to leave the afternoon clear."

For several days, very probably, we shall dread to see a policeman. We shall keep a sharp lookout on the street for crooks, plainclothes men, "yeggs" and other citizens of the world portrayed in "The Quarry." Mr. Moroso certainly has the "goods," so to speak. The story, its manner of telling, alike its cynicism and its large, deeply human pity, suggest that its material was gathered by a newspaperman familiar with the police "blotter." Out of his close knowledge Mr. Moroso says: "There is but little if any room in a court of justice for the old belief taught by the prophets and by the Young Man out of Nazareth that the mercy of God endureth forever."

A SALESLADY.

ROAST BEEF, MEDIUM. By Edna Ferber. Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. 12mo, pp. 296. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

We would recommend this book to the "tired business man." Also to college professors. Because we fear they lead a dull life. And there is nothing dull about trim Emma McChesney, travelling saleswoman for Featherloom Petticoats, or the story of her career. Emma is a lady captain of finance, earning close to $6,000 a year after she had put in that side line of garters. And she is as careful of her efficiency as Mr. Arnold Bennett. Ten years on the road had taught her the philosophy of "the Rock of Gibraltar"—that is, roast beef, medium. Occasionally, getting wild, she orders eggs "if the girl says she knows the hen that layed 'em." Emma has become a past mistress in the fine art of congealing the warm advances of "fresh" and friendly salesmen of the opposite sex. But, as she said afterward in telling about it, "I've seen matinee idols, and tailors'